

GEOFF WILKINS' FIFTH BLOG – DAVID BOWIE

Many pages of today's *Guardian* were devoted to the recently deceased David Bowie – not just in the news section, but also in a 12-page supplement, "The Sound, the Vision, the Genius – Bowie".

In the late 1960s and early '70s – up until the album *Young Americans* – Bowie's songs were hugely important to me, for all the reasons now rehearsed in the press, and second only to those of Bob Dylan.



But then I came to Handsworth, and Bowie, unlike Dylan, had less and less to say to me. The Brixton boy had moved on first to American soul (and to America), and then to a series of acclaimed albums which marketed musical avant-garde caviar to the general. His image was somewhat dented by his publicly quoted view that "Britain could benefit from a Fascist leader", and by his detention by customs on the Russian/Polish border for possessing [Nazi](#) paraphernalia. But he survived that, and had been adept at managing his career ever since.

And that's how I see him now – as a hugely talented singer, composer and musician who didn't have anything important to say.

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